



Gough Add. Wales. 8° 116.

216  
A  
SHORT ACCOUNT  
OF  
CAERNARVON,  
AND  
BEDD-KILL-HART;  
OR,  
BEDDGELART,  
&c.

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CAERNARVON:  
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MDCCCVI.

*Gough Adds Wales  
8. 116.*



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CAERNARVON. — WALLS — EXTENSIVE  
PROSPECT — HARBOUR — CASTLE — BIRTH  
OF EDWARD FIRST PRINCE OF WALES —  
PRYNNE THE BARRISTER — PRIVILEGES —  
SEGONTIUM — ROMAN MODE OF BUILDING  
— BRITISH COURT.

**C**AERNARVON is, taken in the whole, by much the most beautiful town in North Wales. It is situated on the eastern side of the Menai, the straight that divides Anglesea from the other parts of Wales, and is a place extremely well adapted to afford a few months retreat for a thinking mind from the busy scenes of the world. Here an admirer of nature may bury his cares in contemplating the greatness of her works? he will certainly find scope enough. Its situation, between the mountains and Anglesey, renders it a convenient place from whence travellers may with advantage be able to visit both.

Its name is properly *Caer-yn-Arfôn*, which signifies a fortified town in the district opposite to Mona or Anglesea.\* The walls around the town are nearly entire, and as well as the castle, in their external appearance, the same as they were in the time of their founder Edward I. They are defended by a number of round towers, and have in them two principal gates, entrances to the town. Over one of these is a spacious room which is the Town-hall, and in which the assemblies are frequently held. The buildings are upon the whole pretty regular, but the

\* *Ar-fôn*, or *Arfôn*, means opposite to Mona.

streets, as in all other ancient towns, are very narrow and confined. On the outside of the walls is a broad and pleasant terrace walk along the side of the Menai, extending from the quay to the north end of the town walls, which seemed to be the fashionable promenade in the fine evenings for all descriptions of people. The Court-house, in which the assizes are held, and all the country business is done, stands nearly opposite to the castle gates, and is within a neat little place. The Custom-house, a small insignificant building, is on the outside of the walls, and not far from the quay.

From the top of the rock, behind the hotel, I had an excellent bird's-eye view of the town. From hence the castle, and the whole of the town walls, may be seen to the greatest advantage; and on a fine day, the Isle of Anglesey, with Holyhead and Pary's Mountains, appear spread out like a map beneath the eye. Sometimes even the far distant mountains of Wicklow may be seen towering beyond the channel. On the other side, towards the east, is a fine and varied prospect of the British Alps, where Snowden, whose

————— hoary head  
 Conspicuous many a league, the mariner,  
 Bound homeward, and in hope already there,  
 Greets with three cheers, exulting-----

And the lofty Glyders are seen to far overtop the rest.

Caernarvon is in the Parish of Llanbeblig, and the parish church, dedicated to St. Publicius son of the Emperor Maximus and Helena the daughter of Octavius Duke of Cornwall, is situated about half a mile from the town. With-

in it I was shewn a marble monument, on which were two recumbent figures of Sir William Gryffydd, of Penrhyn, who died in 1587, and Margaret his wife. The names and dates are at present nearly erased from some mischievous persons having cut them out with knives. In this church the service is always performed in the Welsh language; and the English service in a chapel of ease situated in the north-west corner of the town walls, and formerly built for the use of the garrison.

At Caernarvon is a small but pretty good harbour, used chiefly by the vessels which trade there for slates, of which many thousand Tons are exported every year to different parts of the kingdom. These slates are brought from the mountains of Llanberis, and Llanllyfni. The quarries are generally high up amongst the rocks, and the workmen, in conveying them down from thence, are obliged, as well as one horse before, to have another behind the carts, to prevent the whole, in some of the dangerous steeps in which these mountains abound, from being dashed headlong to the bottom, which must sometimes inevitably be the case withuot some similar contrivance. This seems a most inconvenient mode of conveyance: it appears that sledges, similar to those used in many parts of Westmoreland and Cumberland for conveying slates down the mountains, would not only be less expensive, but much more safe and commodious.

The entrance into Caernarvon Castle is through a high grand gateway, over which is a figure of the royal founder grasping in his hand a dagger. In this gate, which has been otherwise remarkably strong, there have been

no less than four portcullises. The castle is a large and irregular building, much more shattered within than from viewing it on the outside one would be led to imagine. The towers are for the most part octagonal, but there are three or four which have each ten sides; amongst these is the Eagle Tower, the largest and by far the most elegant in the whole building. This tower, which received its name from the figure of an eagle yet left at the top of it, stands at one end of the oblong court of the castle, and has three handsome turrets issuing from its top.

In this tower it was that Edward, the first Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward II. was born, on St. Mark's day, the 25th of April, 1284. Mr. Pennant\* says, that the prince was born "in a little dark room not twelve feet long, nor eight in breadth." This assertion is certainly founded upon tradition; but I wonder very much at that gentleman's retaining the opinion, after he had once examined the place. This room has indeed had a window and a fire place in it, but has never been any thing more than a passage room to the other apartments, which, during the Queen's illness, though nearly the most magnificent in the castle, must have been shut up, as useless. I have no doubt whatever, but that when Edward sent for his Queen from England, he provided for her a more magnificent and suitable bed-room than this, which, besides being extremely inconvenient at a time like that, at the birth of an English prince, must, from its being so small and confined, have been beyond measure unhealthful. If the prince was born in the Eagle Tower, it must have been in one of the large rooms, occupying in width the whole inside, in an a-

\* Tour in Wales, II. 215.



partment suitable to the majesty of the heir apparent to the English crown, and not, as the guide, who shewed me the castle termed it, "in such a dog-hole as this." From the top of the building I was highly gratified by an extensive view of the Isle of Anglesea, the Menai, and the country many miles round.

At the other end of the court, and opposite to this tower, is a gate, called the Queen's Gate, said to be that through which the faithful Eleanor, Queen of Edward I. first entered the castle; it has been guarded by two portcullises, and had once a communication with the outside of the castle by a draw-bridge over a deep moat. It is at present considerably above the level of the ground on the outside, owing probably to the foss having been filled up with earth from thence.

The state apartments are larger, and have been much more commodious than any of the others. The windows have been wide and elegant. On the outside the building is square; but I was surprised, upon going into them, to find all the rooms perfectly polygonal; the sides being formed out of the vast thickness of the walls. The floors and stairs throughout the castle are almost all beaten in and demolished.

There was formerly a gallery quite round the castle, by which, during a siege, a communication could be had with the other parts without danger. On one side this yet remains undemolished. It was next the outer wall, and was lighted by narrow slits that served as stations, from which, during a siege, arrows, and other missile weapons could be discharged with advantage upon the enemy. The castle occupies the whole west end of the town; it has been a

fortress of great strength, and before the introduction of artillery was, no doubt, able to withstand for a long time the most forcible attacks of an enemy. The exterior walls are in general about three yards in thickness. From its situation and strength it seems to have been well adapted to overawe the newly acquired subjects of its founder. It is bounded on one side by the Streights of Menai; by the Estuary of the Seiont, exactly where it receives the tide from the former, on another; on the third, and part of the fourth sides, by a creek of the Menai; and the remainder has the appearance of having the insulation completed by art.

From a heap of rubbish, near the end of the court opposite to the Eagle Tower, there is an echo which repeats several syllables most distinctly. There is only a single reverberation, and it appeared to proceed from some part of that tower.

This castle, from whatever point, or at whatever distance it is viewed, has a romantic singularity, and an air of dignity that commands an awe, and at the same time pleases the beholder. Its ivy-clad walls appear in some parts to be going fast to decay, while in others they even yet retain their antient form.

When one considers that it has withstood the shocks of more than five hundred winters, one almost wonders that it has stood so long; for what is there that does not fade?

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—The tower that long hath stood  
 The crash of thunder and the warring winds,  
 Shook by the flow, but sure destroyer---Time,  
 Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base;  
 And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass  
 Descend; the Babylonian spires are sunk,  
 Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.

This huge rotundity we tread grows old;  
 And all those worlds that roll about the Sun,  
 The Sun himself, shall die; and antient Night  
 Again involve the desolate abyss.

It appears probable, that the town of Caernarvon sprung from the antient Segontium, a Roman city, about half a mile distant, and is not, as generally supposed, indebted to Edward I. for its name, for *Caer-yn-Arfon* might, with equal propriety, have been applied to the old city, as to this more modern fortress. The town, however, was no doubt the creation of Edward, and it was most probably formed, in a great measure, from the ruins of the old fort.

After this monarch had subdued the Welsh, he began to secure his conquests by erecting several strong holds, in different parts of Wales; and it appearing that Caernarvonshire, on account of its mountains and morasses, was a county very likely to encourage insurrections, he determined to guard as much as possible against such, by erecting there the castles of Conway and Caernarvon, two of the strongest in the whole principality.\*

He began this castle in the beginning of 1283, and completed it within that year; for on the 25th of April, in the year following, his son Edward, the first Prince of Wales, frequently afterwards stiled from the event, Edward of Caernarvon, was born here.† Mr. Pennant, from the authority of manuscripts in the possession of Sir John Sebright and Sir Roger Mostyn, of Gloddaeth, says, that it was built within the space of one year, by the labour of

\* Carte's History of England, II. 196.

† Matt. West. 372. Speed says, the Prince was born on St. Mark's Day, 1285. See his Chronicle, II. 545.

the peasants, and at the costs of the chieftains of the country, on whom the conqueror had imposed that hateful task.\* The revenues of the Archbishopric of York, which was then vacant, were applied towards defraying the expences.†

The reason why the Queen was brought here to lay in of the Prince, was, that since the Welsh remembered but too keenly the oppressions of the English officers; who, in former reigns, had been placed over them, they flatly told the King, "That they were determined never to yield obedience but to a Prince of their own nation;" and Edward, perceiving them resolute, thought it a necessary policy to have her removed, though in the depth of a severe winter, from the English Court, to this place, and thus, if possible, delude them into that obedience which he supposed it might be difficult to retain by mere force. By this means, he, in a short time, by assenting to their demands for a Prince of their own, reduced the whole country to his will.

This place appears either to have suffered very little from the calamities of war, or very few events have been given to posterity. In the year 1294, in an insurrection of the Welsh, headed by Madoc, one of the chieftains of the country, it was suddenly attacked during the fair, and after the surrender, the town was burned and all the English found in the place cruelly murdered.‡ When and by whom this damage was repaired, or how soon afterwards

\* Pennant's Tour, II. 215.

† Grose's Antiquities, VII. p. 8.

‡ Henry de Knyghton, 2502. Tho. Walsingham, 26. Holinshed's Chronicle, II. 273. Stow's Annals, 206.

the castle was retaken by the English, is not mentioned in any of the accounts that I have seen.

The first person whom I find appointed by Edward to be the governor, was John de Havering, with a salary of two hundred marks, for which he was obliged to maintain constantly, besides his own family, eighty men, fifteen of whom were to be cross-bowmen, one chaplain, one surgeon, and one smith; the rest were to do the duty of keepers of the gates, centinels, and other necessary offices.

In 1289, Adam de Wetenhall was appointed to the same important office. The establishment for the town and castle was as follows. The constable of the castle had sometimes sixty, and at other times only forty pounds per annum. The captain of the town L. 12. 3s. 4d. for his annual fee; but this office was sometimes annexed to the former, and then the salary was sixty pounds for both. The constable and captain had twenty-four soldiers allowed them for the defence of the place, at the wages of fourpence a day each. Certainly this slight garrison could only be established for peaceful times.\*

In the year 1644, Caernarvon Castle was seized by Captain Swanly for the parliament, who at the same time took four hundred prisoners, and a great quantity of arms, ammunition, and pillage.† It must however have been very soon afterwards retaken, for in May, 1645, I find it amongst the castles which were fortified for the King.‡ Lord Byron was then the go-

\* Pennant's Tour, II. 216.

† Whitelock's Memorials, 87.

‡ Rushworth's Historical Collections, Part IV. Vol. I. p. 21.

vernor, but on the castle being besieged by General Mytton and General Langhorn, about a year afterwards, he surrendered it to them upon honorable terms.\*

In 1648, General Mytton and Colonel Mason were besieged here by Sir John Owen, with a small force of a hundred and fifty horse, and a hundred and twenty foot; but Sir John having received notice, that a detachment from the parliament's army, under the command of Colonel Carter and Lieutenant Colonel Twisleton, were upon their march to join Mytton, drew off his troops to attack them, and meeting them on the sands, near Llandegai, betwixt Bangor and Conway, after a sharp engagement, his party was routed, about thirty of his men killed, and himself and about a hundred others were taken prisoners.† From this time all North Wales became subject to the parliament.

William Prynn, the barrister, for publishing his book, called *Histrio Mastyr*, was sentenced by the Court of Star Chamber, in 1637, to pay a fine of five thousand pounds, to lose the remainder of his ears, to be stigmatized on both his cheeks with an S for schismatic, and to be imprisoned in this castle for the remainder of his life.‡ The former part of his sentence was severely put in execution, but after a short confinement he was restored to liberty, and held a seat in the House of Commons till his death.

The property of the castle is, at present, in the crown, where it has been for near a century. It was formerly held by the families of the Wynnes of Glynllivon, the Wynnes of Gwydir,

\* Whitelock, 268.

† Rushworth, part IV. vol. II. p. 1146. Whitelock, 311.

‡ Whitelock, 26.

the Bulkeley of Baron Hill in Anglesea, and the Mostyns of Gloddaeth.\*

The cradle of the unfortunate Edward II. is still preserved, and either is now, or was very lately, in the possession of the Reverend Mr. Ball of Newland, in Gloucestershire. It descended to him from one of his ancestors who attended that prince in his infancy, and to whom it became an honorary perquisite. This singular piece of antiquity, is made of heart of oak, whose simplicity of construction, and rudeness of workmanship, are visible demonstrations of the small progress that elegance had at that time made in ornamental decorations. On the top of the upright posts are two figures of birds, supposed, by some, to have been intended for doves, the emblems of innocence, but though these somewhat resemble owls in their shape, I conjecture them to have been intended for eagles, as the tower was called the Eagle tower, and had a figure of that bird at the top of it. The cradle itself is pendent on two hooks driven into the uprights, linked by two rings to two staples fastened to the cradle, and by them it swings. The sides and ends of the cradle are ornamented with a great variety of mouldings, whose junctions at the corners are cut off square, without any degree of neatness, and the sides and ends are fastened together by rough nails. On each side are three holes for the rockers. Its dimensions are three feet two inches in length; twenty inches wide at the head, and seventeen at the foot; one foot five inches deep, and from the

\* Grose's Antiquities, VII. 9.

bottom of the pillar to the top of the birds,, It is two feet ten inches.\*

The town and castle had several privileges and immunities granted to them by their founder. The most material of these were, that Caernarvon should be a free Borough, that the constable of the castle should be the mayor for the time being, and that the burgesses might elect two bailiffs.

They had likewise their own prison for all petty transgressions; which prison was not to be subject to the sheriff. They had also a merchant's guild, with this peculiar privilege, that if the bondsman of any person belonging to it dwelt within this town, having lands, and paying scot and lot for a year and a day, after that time he should not be claimed by his lord, but should remain free in the said town. The inhabitants were besides exempt throughout the kingdom, from toll, lastage, passage, murage, pontage, stallage, danegel, and from all other customs and impositions whatsoever. And by the same charter, Jews were not permitted to reside within the Borough.† They had also another privilege, which was, that none of the burgesses could be convicted of any crime committed between the rivers Conway and Dyfy, unless by a jury of their own townsmen.‡ The princes of Wales had here their chancery, exchequer, and justiciary of North Wales.||

\* See London Magazine for March 1774, p. 135, 136.

† Grose's Antiquities, VII. p. 9.

‡ Pennant's Tour, II. 218.

|| Gibson's Camden, 665. Wynne's Memoirs of the Gwydir family, 417.



The town is at present governed by a mayor, one alderman, two bailiffs, a town-clerk, and two serjeants at mace. The representative for the place is elected by its burgesses, and those of Conway, Pwllheli, Nefyn, and Criccaeth. The right of voting is in every one resident or non-resident, who has been admitted to his freedom.\*

About half a mile south of Caernarvon are a few walls, the small remains of Segontium,† the antient Roman city, mentioned in the Itinerary of Antoninus, which appears to have been the principal station the Romans had in this country. Dinas Dinorddwig,‡ and all the others being only subordinate stations. The Roman road from Dinas Dinlle to Segontium, and from thence to Dinas Dinorddwig, is, in some places, still visible.

Segontium received its name from the river Seiont,|| which runs from the lower lake at Llanberis, passes under the walls, and discharges itself into the Menai, near the castle of

\* Pennant II. 219, who quotes Willis's Notitia Parliam. III. part. I. 76.

† Called also by the Welsh *CARR CUSTEINT*, the fort of Constantine, and *CARR SEGONT*, the fort on the river Seiont.

‡ The following is a copy of an inscription, supposed to be Roman, dug up not long ago near this place,

H L  
I M P  
Q T R O  
D E C I O  
I S A . . .  
E R .

|| Gough's Camd. II. 548.

Caernarvon. It has been of an oblong form, and formerly occupied about six acres of ground. It is now divided into two parts by the road which leads to Bedd-gelert.

Not far from hence is the antient fort which belonged to it; this is also of an oblong figure, and contains about an acre of ground. The walls are at present about eleven feet high and six in thickness, and at each corner there has formerly been a tower. The Romans formed their walls in a manner much different from what we do now; they first placed the stones in order one upon another, generally in two courses, the one regular and the other in a zigzag fashion, and then poured boiling mortar upon them, which, from its fluidity, insinuated itself into the many openings and hollows of the work, and thereby, from its strength, bound the irregular pieces of stone frequently used, into a firm and solid wall. In making the mortar they mingled sand with the lime, unrefined by the skreen, and charged with all its gravel and pebbles, and even some of the mortar, on breaking it, has been found tempered with pounded brick. The mortar used in these walls has acquired from time, almost the hardness of stone.

Along the walls are three parallel rows of circular holes, each nearly three inches in diameter, which pass through the whole thickness, and at the end are others similar. There has been much learned conjecture as to the design of these holes, some have supposed them to have been used for discharging arrows through at the enemy, but from their length and narrowness it is impossible that this should ever have been the case. Others have thought that they

might have been left in the walls to admit air, in order to harden the liquid cement that was poured in ; but this cannot have been so, since there are such at Salisbury that appear to have been closed with stone at the ends, and others have been found even below the natural surface of the ground at Manchester. Mr. Whitaker,\* in his history of Manchester, says, that he by chance met with one that was accidentally laid open from end to end, which he thought disclosed the design of all the rest, and which he supposes to have been this : that as the Romans carried their ramparts upwards, they took off from the pressure of the parts below, and gave a greater strength to the whole by turning little arches in their work, and fixing the rest of the wall upon them. At Segontium this appears to me to have been by no means the case, for the holes are too small, and at by far too great a distance from each other to have been of any material use in taking off from the weight : and for my own part, if I may be allowed a conjecture, merely from their external appearance, I should be inclined to suppose, notwithstanding the circumstance of their being said to be found below the natural surface of the ground at Manchester, that they were made for no other purpose than merely to place in them poles, for resting the scaffolding upon, used in constructing the walls, and they may probably have been left unfilled up in order to admit the air into the interior of the work, or for some other purpose, with which I am not acquainted. I am more inclined to this conjecture, since they are all parallel, and the rows at a proper

\* Second Edition, vol. I. p. 47.

distance above each other to admit the men to work. Mr. Pennant says, the holes at the end seem to run *through* the wall lengthways; these I should think, may go six or eight feet in the wall, but there is no reason whatever to suppose they ever went *through*.

Cainlen\* says, that this was the *Setantiorum Portus* of Ptolemy, but Mr. Whitaker,† with much greater propriety, fixes that at the Neb of the Nese, a high promontary of land in the river Ribble, about eight miles west of Preston, in Lancashire.

Matthew of Westminster‡ informs us, that the body of Copstantius, the father of Constantine the Great, was discovered here in the year 1283, and honorably interred in the neighbouring church, meaning, I should suppose, that of Llanbeblig. How the body of Constantius came to be interred here I know not, for even the same author, in the former part of his work, relates that he died at York.§ Helena, daughter of Octavius, Duke of Cornwall, and mother of Publicius, who was born at Segontium, and to whom the church is dedicated, is said to have built there a chapel, which the learned Rowlands tells us was in being in his days.||

\* II. 798.

† History of Manchester, I. 180. 182.

‡ P. 371. See also Leland's Collectanea de rebus Britannicus, vol. II. p. 46, 346, and 404.

§ Constantius, vir summæ magnitudinis Eboraci in Britannia diem clausit extremum. Matt. Westm. 130. And see Holinshed's Chronicle, I. 63.

|| Mona antiqua restaurata, 165.

Cadwallo, the Prince of Wales from 365 to 376, on account of the Isle of Anglesea being infested with the Irish and Pictish Rovers, removed the British Court from Aberfraw, where it had been placed about two hundred years before by Caswallawn law hir, to Segontium, or, as the Welsh called it, Caer Segont, where it remained about a century, till affairs becoming more settled in Anglesea, it was restored to the island by Roderic Mawr, *Roderic the Great*, where it afterwards continued during all the time of the British Princes.\*

Camden,† speaking of the romantic parts of Carnarvonshire, says, “ Nature has reared groups of mountains, as if she meant here to bind the island fast to the bowels of the earth, and make a safe retreat for the Britons in time of war. For here are so many crags and rocks, so many woody vallies rendered impassable by so many lakes, that the lightest troops, much less an army, could never find their way among them. These mountains may truly be called the British Alps; for besides that they are the highest in the whole island, they are like the Alps, bespread with broken crags on every side, all surrounding one, which towering far above the rest in the centre, lifts its head so loftily as if it meant not only to threaten, but to thrust it into the sky.”

\* Rowland's *Mona antiqua*, 149. 172.

† Gough's *Camden*, III. 548.

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## A SHORT ACCOUNT

OF

## BEDD-GELART.

**T**HE village of Bedd-Gelart is seated in a beautiful tract of meadows at the junction of three vales, near the conflux of the Glâs-lyn, or Gwynant (or Nant-hwynant) and the Colwyn, which flows through Nant-Colwyn, a vale that leads to Caernarvon. Its situation was the fittest in the world to inspire religious meditation, amidst lofty mountains, woods, and murmuring streams. The church is small, yet the loftiest in Snowdonia; the east window consists of three narrow slips; the roof is neat, and there yet remains some very pretty fretwork. A side chapel is supported by two neat pillars and Gothic arches, I could discover no tombs, nor any thing worth describing, but the following Epitaph: "*Infra jacet corpus Evani Lloyd, de Havod Lwyfog, Armigeri qui inhumatus fuit paterno & avito tumulo Sexto Die Idus Maii, A. D. 1678, Annos natus 72.*" i. e. Beneath lieth the body of Evan Lloyd of Hafod-lwyfog, Esqr. who was buried in his father's and Grandfather's tomb, the sixth Day of the Ides of May, &c. This church had been conventual belonging to the Priory of Augustines, dedicated to St. Mary: There is reason to suppose they might have been of that class

which was called Gilbertines, and consisted of both men and women, who lived under the same roof, but strictly separated from each other by a wall. The cause of my suspicion is, that I discovered a piece of ground near the church, called Dôl y Lleian, or the Meadow of the Nun. Bedd-Gelart had been the most ancient foundation in all the country except Bardsey. Tanner ascribes it to our last prince; but it must have been long before his days, there being a recital of a Charter for certain lands bestowed on it by Llewelyn the Great, who begun his reign 1194.

It was favored in the same manner by others of the succeeding princes. David ap Llewelyn bestowed on it lands in Pennant Gwernogan, belonging to Tudor ap Madog, to which the prince had no right. This occasioned a suit between the sons of Tudor, and Philip, Prior of the House, before William de Grandison and A. de Stanedon, at Caernarvon, when a verdict was given against the convent. The Prior had for his support the Grange of Llecheidiôr, and part of a mill, the Grange of Efentidillt, and village of Gwehelyn; the Grange of Tre'r beirdd, one plough-land and a certain share of the Bees.

The esteem which these insects were held in by the ancient Britons, on account of their producing the nectareous Medd, was so great, that they considered them as created in Paradise, that when they quitted it on the fall of man, they were blessed by God himself, and therefore no Mass ought to be celebrated, but by the light of their wax. The Prior had besides an allowance of fifty cows and twenty-two sheep. The expences of the house must have been large. It lay on the great Road

from England and west Wales into north Wales, and from Ireland and north Wales into England.

In order to enable this place to keep its usual hospitality after it had suffered in 1283, by a casual or accidental fire, Edward the first most munificently repaired all the damage. And Bishop Anian, about the year 1286, for the encouragement of other benefactors, remitted to all such who were truly repentant of their sins, forty days of any penance inflicted on them. In 1535, it was bestowed by Henry the Eighth, on the Abby of Chertsey in Surry, and in 1537, it was given with the last as an appurtenance to that of Bisham in Berkshire. On the dissolution, the king gave to the family of the Bodvells, all the lands in Carnarvonshire which belonged to this Prior, and all those in Anglesey, to that of the Prydderchs, excepting the township of Tre'r Beirdd. The revenues of Bedd-Gelart were valued by Dugdale at seventy Pounds three Shilling and eight Pence; by Speed, at sixty-nine Pounds three Shillings and eight Pence. Edward Conway is mentioned as last Prior; there are not the least relics of the House except the old stone walls near the church may be considered as such. In my possession is a drawing of the seal of the Prior, dated 1531, on it is the figure of the Virgin and Child, but no part of the Legend except *Bethkele*.

The vale between it and Caernarvon expands as you advance, and is watered by the River Colwyn, which flows from a lake called \* Llyn

\* Another Tradition respecting the above Pool, is, that it was called Llyn Cadair Ochan, the Lake near the Seat of Lamentation,



Cadair yr Aur Frychin; Cadair means a Seat or Chair, and the Aur Frychin is supposed by the Country people to have been a wild beast, probably a Buffaloe, and the tradition is, that he was hunted up the hollow from Llanllyfni, and killed on his seat near this Pool, from whence it afterwards took its name. On the right as you go to Caernarvon, nearly opposite this lake, is the usual ascent from Bedd-Gelart to the Wyddva, or the highest Peak of Snowdon.

At the upper end of the beautiful Lake of Quellyn, noted for its Char, about seven miles from Caernarvon, stood the house of Cae uwch y Llyn, or the Field above the Lake, which by contraction forms Cwellyn or Quellyn. This House was from distant times the residence of the Quellyns (a family now extinct) who derived their name from that place. At the southwest end of this pool, (Quellyn,) that part of Mynydd-mawr called Castell Cidwm (or the Wolf's Castle) forms a bold and very striking feature, as it seems to overhang its base. Between this pool and Carnarvon, is Nant, one of the Seats of Sir Robert Williams, Member for the County, seated at the foot of Moel Eilio, (or Ael y Iâ) and a little beyond, the village of Bettws Garmon, with a Church dedicated to St. Germanus.

Between Llyn Cadair and Llyn Quellyn, the traveller may turn out of the great road to visit Llyn y Dywarehen, or the Lake of the Sod,

because, that at this place, Helen's Soliders lamented the death of their young leader (Helen's son) who was slain by Cidwm the Giant, near Castell Cidwm, and buried at a place now called Bedd y Mab, the Grave of Helen's Son near Llyn Cwellyn.

near a farm called *Drws y Coed*, long since celebrated by the hyperbolical pen of Giraldus, for its *Insula erratica*, or wandering Island, as he calls it.

That little Lake is seated in the middle of a Turbery, and at this time actually exhibited the Phænomenon recorded by our romantic Historian (Giraldus Cambrensis) it had on it a floating Island, of an irregular shape, and about nine yards long. It appears to be only a piece of the Turbery, undermined by the water, torn off, and kept together by the entangling of the roots, which form that species of ground: it frequently is set in motion by the wind, often joins its native Banks, and as Giraldus says, "Cattle are frequently surprised on it, and by another gale carried a short voyage from the shore." There are two little Islands of this description in *Llyn Mignan*, in *Penrhyn-dau-Draeth*, in *Merionethshire*: From *Llyniau Nanlle*, between this Pool (*Llyn y dywarchen*) and *Llanllyfni*, Mr. Wilson has favoured us with a faithful and beautiful view of *Snowdon*, few are sensible of this, for few visit the spot. Near *Nanlle Lakes*, in the parish of *Llanllyfni*, *Edward the First*, in the year 1284, resided for some days in the Summer time, and from hence issued out more than one of his Edicts. The place he resided at here was *Bala Deu-lyn*, (or a place where a river discharges itself from two Lakes.)

As you go from *Bedd-Gelert* to *Pont Aberglaslyn*, i. e. *Aberglaslyn Bridge*, the first part of the way is along the narrow vale, but in a very little time the mountains approach so close as to leave only room for the furious river to roll over its stony bed, above which is a narrow

road formed with incredible labour, impending over the water, the scenery is the most magnificent that can be imagined. The mountains rise to a very uncommon height, and oppose to us nothing but a broken series of precipices one above the other, as high as the eye can reach; here is very little appearance of vegetation, yet in spots there is here and there enough to tempt the poor goat to its destruction, for it will sometimes leap down to an alluring tuft of verdure, where without a possibility of return, it must remain to perish, after it has finished the dear bought repast. The bridge terminates the pass, and consists of a single arch, flung over a deep chasm from rock to rock: Above is a considerable cataract, where the traveller may at times have amusement, in observing the salmon in great numbers make their efforts to surpass the heights. Near this place is a salmon fishery—here had been a Royal Wear in the reign of Henry the Fourth, which was then rented by Robert Meredydd: It probably belonged in old times to our natural princes, for it seems to have been a most valuable privilege. We have it on record that prince Elphin was endowed with one by his Royal Father; and salmon was the most useful and esteemed fish among the Welsh; it was reckoned among the game, and is the only species which was preserved by law.

Opposite Bedd-Gelart is Moel Hebog, which Lord Lyttleton ascended—in a bog near that mountain was found in 1784, a most curious brass shield, which was put into the hands of Mr. Williams, of Llanidan, its diameter was two feet two inches, the weight four pounds; in the centre was a plain umbo projecting above

two inches, the surface of the shield was marked with twenty-seven smooth concentric elevated circles, and between each a depressed space of the same breadth with the elevated parts, marked by a single row of smooth studs, the whole shield was flat and very limber. This was probably Roman, as the Welsh seemed to despise every species of defensive armour.

On the road side from Bedd-Gelart, a stone is pointed out by the name of the Chair of Rhys Goch o'r 'Ryri, the famous mountain bard, contemporary with Owen Glyndwr. He was of the house of Havodgaregog, at the entrance into Traeth-mawr sands, from whence he used to walk, and sitting on this, composed his poems. Among others is a satire on a fox, for killing his favourite peacock. He died about the year 1420, and was interred in the holy ground at Bedd-Gelart, escaping the vengeance of the English, for inspiring his countrymen with the love of liberty, and animating them by his compositions into a long and gallant resistance to the galling yoke.

Llyn Gwynant (in the hollow to the N. E. of Bedd-Gelart) is one of the most beautiful pools in Snowdonia, and lies in a very picturesque and romantic little vale, varied with woods, lakes, rivers, rocks, mountains, meadows, and hills, besides its most august boundaries, being guarded on each side by vast mountains, such as *Crib-ddu*, or part of *Mynydd Nanmor*, the *Aran*, *Lliwedd*, *Ddu-allt* and *Wen-allt*, extending about five miles, to the church of Bedd-Gelart. On the left is *Havodlwyvog*, the seat of the late *Meyrick Meredydd, Esq*; surrounded with large woods.—The pretty lake of *Llyngwynant* is about three quarters of a mile

long, near it are the ruins of a chapel of the same name; this has been a chapel of ease to the church of Bedd-Gelart, and was supported by a stipend of five pounds a year from the estates of Gwydir. It is said to have been founded by John Williams, grandson of John Coetmor, ap Meredydd ap Ieuan ap Robert, of Cesail-gyfarch and Gwydir, who was a Goldsmith in London; the same who is reported to have furnished Michael Drayton with Leland's papers.

Near the end of the lake the valley grows so contracted, as to form only a narrow streight, but almost instantly opens again into a fine expanse, chiefly filled with the beautiful Llyn Dinas; beyond that is a tract of meads, chequered with woods, and watered by the river created by the various lakes, but retains the name of *Afon Glaslyn*, from the lofty Ffynon-las, from which it originates. At the bottom or lower end of this pool (Llyn Dinas) rises a vast rock, insulated and clothed with wood, the famous Dinas Emrys (that is the citadel of Merlinus, or more properly Merddynus Ambrosius or Emris) from early times celebrated in British story; for here prophetic Merlin sat, when to the British King the changes long to come auspiciously he told.

(N. B. There are two other old castles celebrated for the fate of Vortigern, in Welsh, *Gwrtheyrn*, one on the Teivy, and the other on the Wye, rivers in *South Wales*.) The story is, that when Vortigern found himself unable to contest with the treacherous Saxons, whom he had in the year 449 invited into Britain, he determined, by the advice of his magicians, on building an impregnable fortress in Snow-

don; he collected the materials, which disappeared in one night, and the Prince astonished at this, again convened his wise men. They assured him his building would never stand, unless it was sprinkled with the blood of a child born without the help of a father.

The realm was ransacked; at length one of his Emissaries overheard some boys at play at Carmarthen, in *South Wales*, reproach another and call him an unbegotten knave. The child and his mother were brought before the King, she confessed he was the offspring of an incubus. The truth perhaps is, that Merthin or Merlin's mother was a nun, (for he is in Welsh often called *mab y Lleian*), and that she was gotten with child in the night by a priest; she therefore invented the above story to save her reputation, and perhaps her life, as death was the usual punishment for such a breach of their vow. But to proceed with the legend or story, as it is usually related, the boy (Merlin) was ordered to be sacrificed, but in confounding all the magicians with his questions, and explaining the cause of the miscarriage, got his liberty, and

To that mighty King which rashly undertook  
A strong walled tower to rear, those earthly spirits that shook  
The great foundation still, in Dragon's horrid shape  
That dreaming Wizard told, making the mountain gape  
With his most powerful charms, to view those caverns deep,  
And from the top of Brith, so high and wondrous steep  
Where Dinas Emris stood, shew'd where the Serpents fought,  
The white that tore the red; from whence the Prophet wrought  
The British sad decay, then shortly to enue,

See Drayton's *Polyolbion*.

This is the poetical translation of the legend, Merlin or Merddin Emris, or Ambrosius, was in fact the son of a noble Roman, of the same name, and his mother a vestal, (as before related) who, to save her life and honour, invented the fable of his father, which was swallowed by the credulity of the times. Merlin was an able Mathematician and Astronomer, and deeply read in all the learning of his age. The vulgar as usual, ascribed all he did to art and magic, and his discovery that Vortigern had begun to found his castle on a morass, was immediately said to have been attended with most portentous circumstances. Numbers of prophecies were attributed to him, the repetition of which is said to have been forbidden by the council of Trent.

Three sides of this famous rock are precipitous; on the top is a large area, on the accessible parts of which are two great ramparts of stone, and within is the ruin of a stone building ten yards long, the walls are dry, without cement, but strong. Since it is certain that King Vortigern, after his misfortunes, retired to the Snowdon hills, and died not very remote from them. It is possible he might have selected this for his strong hold, as it is admirably adapted for that purpose, and nearly fills the streight of the valley, and Merlin Ambrosius might have given it the name of Emerys. Merlin (or more properly Merddin) was a great favourite and attendant of King Ambrosius, or Aurelius Ambrosius, called by the Welsh Emrys Wledig, from whom he most probably took the surname of Ambrosius.

A place close by Dinas Emrys is called Cell y Dewiniaid, or the cell of the diviners, allusive

to the magicians of Vortigern's court, and is another circumstance which favours the history of this celebrated and supposed prophet. There is also a hollow in the rival hills, called Nant Gwrtheyrn, or Vortigern valley. There is likewise at Bedd-Gelart, a stone called Carreg y Dewin. At the upper end of this romantic valley, Nanthwynant, is Cwm Dyli, where there is a very fine cataract. Here Mr. Pennant ascended to Cwm Cwm Dyli, a flat tract of hay ground watered by a river. This mountain-hollow he found filled with hay-makers, and the farmer and his family being resident here in his Havodty, or summer dwelling, for the summer season. After dining with them on curds and whey, Mr. Pennant kept along the river side, and found opposite to him another front, rugged as the former, near the cataract, and this also filled with a fine fall or cascade; this he surmounted with equal difficulty, and found on arriving at the top, a bottom or flat a mile in length, filled with Llyn Llydaw—a fine lake winding beneath the rocks, and vastly indented by rocky projections here and there jutting into it. In it was one little island, the haunt of black backed Gulls which breed here, and alarmed by such unexpected visitors, broke the silence of this sequestered place by their deep screams. These are by the Welsh, jocularly called, Gwyddau Rhys Cwm Dyli, Rees of Cwmdyli's geese.

He continued his walk ascending along a narrow path above the lake, as far as the extremity; then descending, reached the opposite side, in order to encounter a third ascent as arduous as the preceding. This brought him into the horrible crater immediately beneath



the great precipice of *Wyddfa*, in which is lodged Ffynnon Ias; its situation is the most dreadful, surrounded by more than three parts of a circle, with the most horrible precipices of the *Wyddfa*, or the highest peak of Snowdon, Crib y Distill, Crib Goch, with the vast mural steeps of Lliwedd, continued over the other lake and Cwm Dyli. In the Lliwedd was the strange break called Bwlch y Saethau, or the Pass of the Arrows, probably a station for the hunters to watch the wandering of the deer.

The margin of Ffynnon Ias here appeared to be shallow and gravelly, the waters had a greenish cast, but what is very singular, the rocks reflected into them seemed varied with stripes of the richest colours, like the most beautiful lute-strings, and changed almost to infinity. Here we observed the Wheat-ear, a small and seemingly tender bird, and yet is almost the only small one, or indeed the only one, except the Rock Ouzel, or *Mwyalchan y graig*, that frequents these heights; the reason is evidently the want of food. Some of these high rocks, particularly Crib Goch, to the N. E. of Snowdon, is covered in many places, and beautifully varied with the deep green of the dwarf Alpine Juniper.

The picturesque vale of *Nant Gwynant*, or *Vale of Nanthwynant*, was the scene of many bloody skirmishes, in the time of Edward the fourth, between William Earl of Pembroke; and the Welsh Lancastrians, under Ievan ap Robert ap Meredydd of Cesail-gyfarch. This Ievan was obliged to conceal himself for some days, in Ogo Vilain, near Meillionen, in the parish of Bedd-Gelart.

This mountainous tract near Snowdon, scarcely yields any corn; their produce is cat-

tle and sheep, which during summer keep very high in the mountains, followed by their owners, with their families, who reside during that season in Havod-dai, or summer dwelling, or dairy houses, as the farmers in the Swiss Alps do in their Sennes. These houses consist of a long low room, with a hole at one end to let out the smoke, from the fire which is made beneath. Their furniture is very simple, stones are the substitutes for stools, and the beds are of hay ranged along the sides: they manufacture their own cloths with Cenn Du y Cerrig, or Lichenomphaloides; and another Cenn, Lichen Parietinus, native dyes collected from the rocks. During summer, the men pass their time in harvest work, or tending their herds; the women in milking, or making butter and cheese for their own use; they milk both ewes and goats, and make cheese of the milk for their own consumption. The diet of these mountaineers is very plain, consisting of butter, cheese, and oat bread or Bara Ceirch; their drink is whey, not but that they have their reserve of a few bottles of very strong beer, by way of cordial, in sickness. They are people of good understanding, wary and circumspect; usually tall, thin, and of strong constitutions, from their way of living. Towards winter, they descend to their Hendref, or old dwelling, where they lead during winter, a vacant life, in carding, spinning, knitting, &c.

The ridge along which travellers usually ascend from Bedd-Gelart, is called Y Clawdd Coch, or the Red Wall or Rampart.

From the *Wyddfa*, or the top of Snowdon, the prospect is unbounded—In a former tour, I saw from it the county of Chester, the high hills

of Yorkshire, part of the north of England, Scotland, and Ireland, a plain view of the Isle of Man, and that of Anglesey lay extended like a map beneath us, with every rill visible. I took much pains to see this prospect to advantage, sat up at the farm house till about twelve, and walked up the whole way; the night was remarkably fine and starry; towards morn the stars faded away, and left a short interval of darkness, which was soon dispersed by the dawn of day. The body of the Sun appeared most distinct with the rotundity of the Moon, before it rose high enough to render its beams too brilliant for our sight. The sea, which bounded the western part, was gilt by its beams, first in slender streaks, and at length it glowed with redness; the prospect was disclosed like the gradual drawing up of a curtain in a Theatre, we saw more and more, till the heat became so powerful as to attract the mists from the various lakes, which in a slight degree obscured the prospect: The shadow of the mountain was flung many miles, and shewed its bicapitated, or two headed form, the *Wyddfa* making one, and Crib y Ddistill the other head.

I counted this time between twenty and thirty lakes, either in this county or Merionethshire; the day proved so excessively hot, that my journey cost me the skin of the lower part of my face, before I reached the resting place after the fatigue of the morning.

Another time when I ascended this King of hills, the sky was obscured, soon after I got to the top, and a vast mist enveloped the whole circuit of the mountain; the prospect down was horrible, it gave an idea of numbers of abysses concealed by a thick smoke, furiously circu-

lating around us ; very often a gust of wind formed an opening in the clouds, which gave a fine and distinct view of lake and valley ; sometimes they opened only in one place, at others in many at once, exhibiting a most strange and perplexing sight of water, fields, rocks, or chasms, in fifty different places, they then closed at once and left us involved in darkness ; in a small space they would separate again and fly in wild eddies round the middle of the mountains, and expose in parts both tops and bases clear to our view.

We descended from this various scene with great reluctance, but before we reached our horses a thunder storm overtook us ; its rolling among the mountains was inexpressibly awful, and the rain uncommonly heavy. We remounted our horses, and gained the bottom with great hazard ; the little rills which on our ascent trickled along the gullies on the side of the mountain, were now swelled into torrents, and we and our steeds passed with the utmost risk of being swept away by these sudden waters ; at length we arrived safe, yet sufficiently wet and weary, to our former quarters.

It is very rare that the traveller gets a proper day to ascend the hill, for it often appears clear, but by the evident attraction of the clouds by this lofty mountain, it becomes suddenly enveloped in mist, when the clouds have just before appeared very remote, and at great heights. At times I have observed them lower to half their height, and notwithstanding they had been dispersed to the right and to the left, yet they have met from both sides, and united to involve the summit in one great obscurity.

The quantity of water which flows from the lakes of Snowdon, is very considerable, so much I doubt not, but collectively, they would exceed the waters of the Thames, before it meets the flux of the ocean. The reports of the height of this noted hill, have been very differently given. A Mr. Caswell, who was employed by Mr. Adams in 1682, in a survey of Wales, measured it by instruments, made by the direction of Mr. Flamstead, and asserts its height to have been twelve hundred and forty yards; but for the honour of our mountain, I am sorry to say, that I must give greater credit to the experiments made of late years, which have sunk it to one thousand one hundred and eighty nine yards and one foot; reckoning from the Quay at Caernarvon, to the highest peak. Some of the Snowdon pools are stocked with Char and Gwyniads, Alpine fish. The antient inhabitants of these hills, the goats, decrease daily in value, since the decline of Orthodoxal Wigs, to which their snowy hair universally contributed: Still large flocks are kept for the dairy, and milked with great regularity. Stags were found here in the days of Leland, in such numbers as to destroy the little corn which the farmers attempted to sow, but they were extirpated before the year 1626.

Snowdon being a *Royal Forest*, warrants were issued for killing the deer. I have seen one from the Duke of Suffolk, dated April 30th, 1552, and another in the first year of Queen Elizabeth, signed by Robert Townsend, and a third in 1561, by Henry Sydney. The second addressed to the Master of Game, Ranger and Keeper of the Queen's Highness forest of Snowdon, in the County of Caernarvon. The

last extended the forest into the counties of Merioneth and Anglesey, with the view of gratifying the rapacity of the favourite Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who had by Letters Patent been appointed Chief Ranger of the forest; in consequence of which he tyrannized over these counties with great insolence, but his encroachments were opposed by Sir Richard Bulkeley, of Baron Hill, and others.

Snowdon is a literal translation of Creigiau yr Eryr (eira) Snow down; (Down meaning in English a hill or mountain,) so called from the frequency of snow upon these hills.—— Niphates in Armenia, and Imaus in Tartary, derive their name from the same circumstance. Some have supposed it to be taken from Creigiau'r Eryr, or the Eagle Crags, but that bird appears very seldom among them: *Yr Wyddfa* means the conspicuous, and *Y Lliwedd* the serrated hill.

Edward the first, after his conquest, held a Triumphal Fair on the top, or at least very high, upon this our chief of mountains, and adjourned it to the plains of Nevin, to finish the joy of his victory with tilts and tournaments, according to the taste and manners of the time.

Snow usually falls here about the middle of October, and beginning of November, and continues till April, and sometimes till May.

Snowdon was held sacred by the antient Britons, as Parnassus was by the Greeks, and Ida by the Cretans. It is still said, that whoever slept upon Snowdon, would wake inspired, as much as if he had taken a nap upon the hill of Apollo. There are a great number of Welsh Triambics or Triplets, all relating to

mountain snow, each ending with a moral reflection; the works of Aneurin, Taliesin, and Llywarch hen, who were celebrated Welsh Bards, about A. D. 600.

Eiry mynydd gwyn pob ty

Cynefin Brân a chanu

Ni ddaw da o dra chysgu.

Eiry mynydd gwancus Jâr

Gochwiban gwynt ar Dalar

Yn yr ing gorau yw'r câr.

The principal lakes visible from the summit of Snowdon, are, on the east, *Ffynnon Lâs*, the green well; and *Llyn Llwydaw*, the dusky pool. At some distance beyond these are the *Capel Curig* pools; on the west, *Llyn Coch*, the red pool; *Llyn y Nadrodd*, the adder's pool; *Llyn Glâs*, the blue pool; and *Llyn Ffynnon y Gwâs*, the servant's pool; and beyond these again, are *Llyn Cwellyn*; *Llyn Cader*, *Llyn y Dywarchen*, and *Llyniau Nant-lle*.

The parts of Snowdon, on which the uncommon alpine plants are chiefly to be found, are the east and north-east sides, which form a range of rocks, called *Clogwyn y Garnedd*. These abound in steepes, which render them, at all times, rather dangerous to search, but in particular, after rain, more than at other times, as the rocks become then so slippery, that the footing is rendered very unsafe.

It is a singular fact, that near the top of Snowdon, is a spring of fine clear and well-tasted water, which I understand is seldom increased or diminished in quantity, either in winter or summer. From its very elevated situation, it is the coldest I ever recollect to have tasted.

Most of the old writers, who have had occasion to mention this mountain, assert that it is

covered with snow all the year round; but this is by no means true, for this, as well as all the other mountains of Wales, are generally entirely destitute of snow from the beginning of June till about the latter end of October, at which time it commonly begins to fall.

Giraldus Cambrensis,\* most incredibly relates, that an eagle used to frequent this mountain, at certain periods, in expectation of war, that he might glut his appetite on bodies of the slain, and that in sharpening his beak he made a large hole in one particular stone on which he always perched.

The summit of Snowdon is so frequently enveloped in clouds and mist, that except when the weather is perfectly fine and settled, the traveller through this country will find it rather rare to get a day sufficiently clear to permit him to ascend the hill. † When the wind blows from the west, it is almost always completely covered. And at other times, even when the day seems very favourable, it will, from its great height and its attraction of the clouds, sometimes become enveloped on a sudden, and remain in that state for several hours. For my own part, I think it much more interesting when the clouds just cover the summit, for at these times, from their suddenly breaking and closing, the most sublime and pleasing ideas are excited.

\* Itin. Camb. Syl. Gir. Camb. Lib. II. c. 9.

† Travellers who may wish to ascend from Carnarvon, or the neighbourhood, would do well to consult John Morton, an intelligent Guide, who keeps a public house near Bettws, and whose occupation brings him daily near the summit of Snowdon, as Agent to the Copper Mines.



It has been said, and very generally believed, that from the top of this mountain the sun is seen to rise from the sea. Many travellers have gone up in the evenings, but owing to the atmosphere being generally clouded about that time, I never heard but of one or two, besides Mr. Pennant, who had been so lucky as to see it rise at all; and those who have seen it, have found, that they had been misled in supposing it to emerge from the water. The mere inspection of the map of England, is quite sufficient to satisfy any person of the folly of such a supposition; for if the sun is seen to rise from the sea, from the top of Snowdon, it must either rise from a point more westerly than the west coast of England, or otherwise, some part of the German ocean must be visible from hence, which I believe no one will contend to be possible.

This mountain, held as sacred by the antient Britons, was their *Parnassus*. They have a proverb extant at this day, that "*whoever sleeps on Snowdon, will awake either a poet or a madman?*" probably arising from their conceiving, that upon a person's awaking in this elevated region, the stupendous objects around, which so suddenly present themselves to him, must either inspire him with the *furor poeticus* or *Awen*, as the Welsh term it, or otherwise must deprive him of his senses.

There is a tradition in North Wales, that a wolf had entered the house of Llewelyn, during his and the family's absence; soon after the Prince returned home, and going into the nursery, he met his dog *Killhart* all bloody and wagging his tail at him. The Prince on entering the room, found the cradle where his child

lay overturned, and the floor flowing with blood—imagining that the greyhound had killed the child, he immediately drew his sword and stabbed it, then turning up the cradle found under it the child alive and the wolf dead. This so grieved the Prince, that he erected a tomb over his faithful dog's grave; where afterwards the parish church was built, and goes by that name *Bedd-kill-hart*. From this incident is derived a common Welsh proverb, *Yr wyf yn edifarhau cymmaint a'r gwr a laddodd ei filgi*, i. e. I am so sorry for it as the man who slew his greyhound.

The Welsh Princes had a number of country seats in different parts of their territories, for the purposes of hunting, fishing, hawking, &c. which were all no doubt chiefly constructed of wood, and is the reason why none of the vestiges or remains of them are now discoverable.

Llewelyn the Great, son of Iorwerth Drwyndwn, or Edward with the broken nose, was born (as Sir John Wynne in his history of the Gwydir family informs us) at Dolwyddelan castle, in this county, where his father resided; this Prince (Llewelyn) married Ioan or Iohanna, daughter of King John, and had a hunting-seat at Bedd-Gelart, his father-in-law, King John, made him a present of a fine greyhound, named Kill-hart, which gave name to this place as is generally supposed.—The following stanzas, founded on the above story, were written by a gentleman of taste and abilities.



## BEDD-GELART;

OR,

*THE GRAVE OF THE GREYHOUND.\**

1. **T**HE Spearman heard the Bugle sound,  
And chearly smil'd the morn,  
And many a brach, and many a hound,  
Obey'd Llewelyn's horn.
2. And still he blew a louder blast,  
And gave a lustier cheer,  
"Come, Gêlart, come, wer't never last,  
"Llewelyn's horn to hear.
3. "Oh where does faithful Gêlart roam,  
"The flower of all his race,  
"So true, so brave, a lamb at home,  
"A Lion in the chace?"

\* The story of this Ballad is traditionary in a village at the foot of Snowdon, where Llewelyn the Great had a house. The Greyhound, named Gêlart, was given to him by his father-in-law King John, in the year 1205, and the place to this day is called Bedd-Gêlart, or the Grave of Gêlart, where a very capital Inn has been lately built by T. Jones, Esquire of Bryntirion, in the County of Carnarvon, where the Traveller will meet with excellent accommodation and attention from the landlord, Mr. David Prichard, and where a proper Guide may be found, for those who wish to visit the lakes, or the summit of Snowdon. Over the door is the sign of the Goat, with this motto, PATRIA MEA PETRA, i. e. My country is a rock. A new carriage road has also been lately opened between this place and Capel Curig, and another to Penmorfa.

4. 'Twas only at Llewelyn's board  
The faithful Gêlart fed,  
He watch'd, he serv'd, he cheer'd his Lord,  
And sentinel'd his bed.
5. In sooth he was a Peerless hound,  
The gift of Royal John;  
But now no Gêlart could be found,  
And all the chace rode on.
6. And now as o'er the rocks and dells  
The gallant chidings rise,  
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells  
The many mingled cries!
7. That day Llewelyn little lov'd  
The chace of hart or hare,  
And scant and small the booty prov'd,  
For Gêlart was not there.
8. Unpleas'd Llewelyn homeward hied,  
When, near the portal seat  
His truant Gêlart he espied,  
Bounding his Lord to greet.
9. But when he gain'd his castle door  
Aghast the chieftain stood,  
The hound all o'er was smear'd with gore,  
His lips, his fangs ran blood.
10. Llewelyn gaz'd with fierce surprize,—  
Unus'd such looks to meet,  
His fav'rite check'd his joyful guise,  
And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.
11. Onward in haste Llewelyn past,  
And on went Gêlart too,

And still where e'er his eyes he cast,  
 Fresh blood gouts shock'd his view.

12. O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found,  
 With blood-stained covert rent,  
 And all around, the walls and ground  
 With recent blood besprent.
13. He call'd his child, no voice reply'd,  
 He search'd with terror wild,  
 Blood, blood he found on every side,  
 But no where found his child.
14. "Hell hound! my child by thee's devour'd,"  
 The frantic father cry'd,  
 And to the hilt his vengeful sword,  
 He plung'd in Gélart's side.
15. His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,  
 No pity could impart,  
 But still his Gélart's dying yell  
 Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.
16. Arouz'd by Gélart's dying yell  
 Some slumb'rer waken'd nigh:—  
 What words the parent's joy could tell,  
 To hear his infant's cry!
17. Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap,  
 His hurried search had miss'd,  
 All glowing from his rosy sleep,  
 The cherub boy he kiss'd.
18. Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread,  
 But the same couch beneath  
 Lay a gaunt Wolf all torn and dead,  
 Tremendous still in death.

19. Ah what was then Llewelyn's pain!  
 For now the truth was clear,  
 His gallant hound the wolf had slain,  
 To save Llewelyn's heir.
20. Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe,  
 " Best of thy kind adieu!  
 " The frantic blow, which laid thee low,  
 " This heart shall ever rue."
21. And now a gallant tomb they raise,  
 With costly sculpture deckt,  
 And marbles storied with his praise  
 Poor Gêlart's bones protect.
22. There never could the spearman pass,  
 Or forester unmov'd,  
 There oft the tear—besprinkled grass  
 Llewelyn's sorrow prov'd.
23. And there he hung his horn and spear,  
 And there as evening fell,  
 In fancy's ear he oft would hear  
 Poor Gêlart's dying yell.
24. And till great Snowden's rocks grow old,  
 And cease the storm to brave,  
 The consecrated spot shall hold  
 The name of " Gêlart's Grave."

ACCOUNT OF THE WELSH LANGUAGE.—  
 THE FORCE OF THE LETTERS—LIST OF  
 PRIMITIVE WORDS—CHARACTER OF  
 THE LANGUAGE—OF THE POETRY—  
 THE CORNISH, ARMORIC, IRISH, AND  
 ERSE, ALL DIALECTS OF WELSH—THE  
 WELSH LANGUAGE DERIVED FROM THE  
 HEBREW—INSTANCE OF THEIR AGREE-  
 MENT—ITS ANALOGY TO THE GREEK.  
 —SAXON ALPHABET THE PROPERTY OF  
 THE BRITONS—REV. WALTER DAVIES'S  
 REMARKS ON THE WELSH LANGUAGE.

**I**T is supposed, that there were antiently, in the Welsh or British language,\* no less than thirty-six letters; sixteen of which were radicals, that expressed the primary sounds; and the rest, modulations or dependants on them. For each of these, it is probable that there was formerly a simple appropriate character; but, since the invention of printing, and the introduction of Roman letters, it has been necessary, for want of a sufficient variety of cast for the purpose, to adopt two, and in one instance even three, of those letters, to express one sound or cha-

\* For much of the present essay I am indebted to the following works:-----*Commentarioli Britannia descriptionis fragmentum*, Auctore Humfredo Llwyd; *Powel's History of Wales*; *Edward Llwyd's Notes*, in Gibson's Edition of Camden's *Britannica*; *Rowland's Mona Antiqua Restaurata*; *Stukeley's Medall History*; the Preface to *Owen's Translation of the Elegies of Llywarch Hen*; *Jones's Musical and Poetical Relics of the Welsh Bards*; the *Monthly Magazine*; and the first and second volumes of the *Cambrian Register*.

rafter, by which much of the simplicity and beauty of the proper alphabet has been lost.

The present printed books contain only twenty-seven characters: A, B, C, Ch, D, Dd, E, F, Ff, G, Ng, H, I, L, Ll, M, N, O, P, Ph, R, S, T, Th, U, W, and Y; having neither J, K, X, nor Z. C answers the purpose of K, when joined with W or Q; and when placed with S, of X. It is said that Z is used in the Armonican language, which is a dialect of this, but the Welsh disown it.

No letter has any variation of sound, except the accented vowels â, ê, î, ô, û, w, y, which are lengthened, or otherwise, according to the power of the accent; and all are pronounced, as there are no mutes.

A has the same sound as the English open *a* in the word *hard*.

C is always hard as *k*.

Ch, which is accounted but as one consonant, is a guttural, as *Ch* in Greek, or *ch, Cheth*, in Hebrew.

Dd is an aspirated *d*, and has the sound of *th* in the words *this, that*. *Dda, good*, is pronounced *Tha*.

F has the sound of an English *v*.

I is sounded as in the Italian, or like our *ee* in *been*: thus *rih, a retreat*, is pronounced *keel*.

Ll is an aspirated *l*, and has much the sound of *tbl*.

*Llangollen* is pronounced *Thlangothlen*,

R, as in the Greek language, is always aspirated at the beginning of a word.

U sounds like the *i* in *limb, him, &c.*

W is a vowel, and has the power of *oo* in *soon*.

Y is in some words pronounced like *i* in *third*: in others like *o* in *honey*; and again, in others as the *u* in *mud, must, &c.*

V is sometimes used instead of *f*. B and P, C and



G, and U and Y, are used promiscuously, as were formerly V and M.

The following is a list of primitive words, which, as they very commonly occur in the names of places, &c. the tourist may find them of use.

*Aber*, a confluence; the fall of one river into another or into the sea, as *Aberdovey*, the conflux of the Dovey.

*Avon*, what flows; and from thence a stream or river.

*Allt*, a cliff: the steep of a hill.

*Ar*, upon; bordering or abutting upon.

*Bach*, and *Bychan*, little: these are of the masculine gender, and *Vychan* and *Vechan* are feminine,

*Bôd*, a dwelling, residence, or station.

*Bryn*, a hill.

*Bwlch*, a gap or pass between rocks.

*Cader*, a keep, fortress, or strong hold.

*Caer*, a fort, or fortified place, generally constructed with stones and mortar.

*Castell*, a castle.

*Coed*, a wood.

*Carnedd*, a heap of stones.

*Cefen*, a ridge; a high ground.

*Clawdd*, a dike, ditch, or trench; and sometimes a wall or fence.

*Clogwyn*, a precipice.

*Craig*, a rock:—from this the English word *Crag* is derived.

*Cwm*, a great hollow or glen.

*Dinas*, a fort, or fortified place, constructed in general with a rampart of loose stones and earth without any cement.

*Dôl*, a meadow or dale in the bend of a river.

*Draw*, a door, pass, or opening.

*Dú*, black.

*Dyffryn*, a wide cultivated valley.

*Ffynnon*, a spring, well, or source.

*Garth*, a mountain that bends round, or that incloses.

*Glan*, a bank or shore.

*Glyn*, a deep vale, through which a river runs :—  
from hence was derived our word *Glen*.

*Gwern*, a watery meadow.

*Gwydd*, a wood ; woody or wild.

*Gwyn*, white.

*Goch* or *Coch*, red.

*Llan*, a smooth plot ; a place of meeting ; the church  
place or village ; and figuratively the church.

*Llech*, a flat stone or crag ; a smooth cliff.

*Llwyn*, a grove or copse.

*Llyn*, a pool, pond, or mere.

*Maen*, a stone.

*Maes*, an open field.

*Mawr*, great :—fœminine *Vawr*.

*Moel*, fair ; bald ; a smooth mountain.

*Morfa*, a marsh.

*Mynydd*, a mountain.

*Pant*, a narrow hollow or ravine.

*Pen*, a head, top, or end,

*Plas*, a hall or mansion.

*Pont*, a bridge.

*Porth*, a port.

*Rhiw*, an ascent.

*Rhôs*, a moist plain or meadow.

*Rhyd*, a ford.

*Sarn*, a causeway.

*Taf*, the front, head, or end.

*Traeth*, a sand on the sea shore,

*Tref*, a township.

*Ty*, a house.

*Ynys*, an island.

The Welsh language is possessed of numerous beauties. Its copiousness is very great; and it has no rival in the variety of its synonymous forms of expression, principally arising from the rich combinations of its verbs; for every simple verb has about twenty modifications, by means of qualifying prefixes; and in every form it may be conjugated, either by inflexions, like the Latin, or by auxiliaries, as in English. It rivals the Greek, in its aptitude to form the most beautiful derivatives, as well as in the elegance, facility, and expressiveness of an infinite variety of compounds. The author of letters from Snowdon has justly remarked, that "it has the softness and harmony of the Italian, with the majesty and expression of the Greek." Of these I will give two singular and striking instances, one of which is an *Englyn*, or epigram, on the Silkworm, composed entirely of vowels.

O'i wiw ŵy i weu ê â, a'i weuau

O'i ŵyau y weua;

E' weua ei ŵc aia',

A'i weuau yw ieuau iâ.

"I perish by my art; dig mine own grave:

"I spin my thread of life; my death I weave."

The other, a distich on Thunder, the grandeur of which is scarcely to be surpassed in any language.

Tân a dŵr yn ymwriaw,

Yw'r taranau dreigiau draw.

"The roaring thunder, dreadful in it's ire,

"It's water warring with aerial fire."

The metre of the Welsh poetry is very artificial and alliterative, possessing such peculiar ingenuity in the selection and arrangement of words, as to produce a rhythmical concatenation of sounds in every verse. The old British language abounded with

consonants, and was formed of monosyllables, which are incompatible with quantity; and the Bards could reduce it to concord by no other means, than by placing at such intervals it's harsher consonants, so intermixing them with vowels, and so adapting, repeating, and dividing the several sounds, as to produce an agreeable effect from their structure. Hence the laws of poetical composition in this language are so strict and rigorous, that, were it not for a particular aptitude that it has for that kind of alliterative melody, which is as essential as harmony in music, and which constitutes the great beauty of it's poetry, the genius of the Bard must have been greatly cramped. To the ears of the natives, the Welsh metre is extremely pleasing, and does not subject the Bard to more restraint, than the different sorts of feet occasioned to the Greek and Roman poets. From the reign of Llywelyn to that of Elizabeth, the laws of alliteration were prescribed, and observed with such scrupulous exactness, that a line not perfectly alliterative was condemned as much by the Welsh grammarians, as a false quantity was to the Greeks and Romans.

This language, the Cornish,\* and Breton, or Armoric,† have an uniform agreement with one

\* The natives of Cornwall, and part of Devonshire, began to lose their old Celtic dialect in the reign of Elizabeth, and I believe it is now entirely extinct.

† Little Britain, now called Bretagne in France, was called, in Cæsar's time, *Ar y-môr ucha*, that is, "On the Upper Sea." It was afterwards inhabited by Britons; for, about the year 384, an hundred thousand Britons, with a numerous army of soldiers, went out of this island, under the command of Conan, Lord of Meriadoc, now Denbighland, to the assistance of Maximus the tyrant, against the Emperor Gratianus. They conquered the country of *Ar y-môr-ucha*; and for this service, Maximus

another, in grammar, structure, and nomenclature, but of these, the two last resemble each other the nearest: and the Irish, and Erse, or Gallic, are fundamentally the same with the Welsh, though differing much in the dialect and pronunciation. They all proceeded from one common head or fountain, the antient Celtic, or British tongue.

There is so great an analogy between the primitive and derivative words of the Hebrew and Welsh, (allowing for the different modes of pronouncing in different languages) that it is plainly evident, that several of the British words owed their origin to that first and most antient language of mankind; and the British, even of the present day, having more sounds in it agreeing with that primitive tongue, than all the rest put together, it certainly appears, in its first structure and origin, to have been one of the primary issues of it.

Besides this, there are many antient British words, which have no resemblance to those of any other language in the world, except the Hebrew, so as to be in any possibility derived from them, as far as can be yet perceived; which seems to evince, that the British language, in its radical parts at least, must be original; no footsteps of it any where appearing, but in those places where it is allowed that the antient Celtæ for some time inhabited, or where their Gaul-

granted to Conan and his followers, that country to dwell in; from whence, therefore, the Britons drove out all the former inhabitants, and formed there a kingdom, which continued in their posterity for many years, and where the Welsh language is spoken, even to this day. DRYCH Y PRIF OESOEDD, by THEOPHILUS EVANS. -- CARADOC'S HISTORY OF WALES, by WYNNE, p. 8; and LEWIS'S HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN, p. 143; quoted in JONES'S WELSH BARDS, p. 1.

ish or British offspring had sent their colonies. And if this language had come here, and had been derived from the language of any other part of the world, its spring and origin might have been traced: but since this cannot be done among any other nation or people, but within its own territories, it is a sure argument, that it wholly depends upon its national origin and foundation; and consequently, that it is in substance the language of the first planters of the British Isle.

Now, if it only appear, that the same people continued in a constant uninterrupted succession, from the first planting of this nation to the present day, it follows, that the same language these people used, (being so good and expressive as this language is) must continue here as uninterrupted as the people whose language it was: for no reason can be given why, by what means, and in what periods of time, this same language, the same people continuing, should be exterminated, or utterly cease and perish.

It is true, that new people generally do introduce new languages, or very much corrupt and alter the old; but here we have no such thing. There are no records, no authentic marks of antiquity, to shew us, that amidst the various mutations of people, tongues, and nations in other parts of the world, the inhabitants of this part of Great Britain have been dispossessed, or so ousted of the premier possession of it, as that any other people or nation took up their place, and kept themselves possessed of it.

The Irish once indeed drove the inhabitants out of the Isle of Anglesea, the seat of learning; but they were themselves, very shortly afterwards, expelled, and their leader killed. The Romans, Saxons, Danes, Normans, sought to obtain the submission of the in-

habitants, and had it, but they never succeeded in endeavouring to force their languages upon them.

Now these things being considered, it is absurd to imagine that the people should, without any appearance of reason for it, universally forsake and abandon their native language. Yet though it seems to appear, beyond denial, that this antient language has remained till the present time, it is not to be doubted, but that in the long space of some thousand years, it must have been much altered in its mode, and propriety of speaking, according to the change of times, and the humours of the people; and so like a long continued river, take in many branches, and probably lose a few, in its constant flux and current.

Thus, the Romans added some words, and the Danes, and Saxons, also a few to the British Dictionary; while oblivion stole away many of the antient sounds of it, when new ones were introduced. And in later times since the English hath so much incroached upon it, as to become the genteel and fashionable tongue, many more words have been thrown aside as obsolete and useless, which were before perhaps the flowers and ornaments of the language.

The Hebrew and Welsh languages, besides the agreement between single words, and the guttural pronounciation of some of the syllables, are so nearly allied in their grammatical form, and construction, that it would be difficult to adduce even a single article, in the Hebrew Grammar, but the same is to be found in Welsh; and there are many whole sentences to be found in both languages, which are exactly the same in the very words.

The following are instances of the agreement  
of single words.

<i>Hebrew.</i>	<i>Welsh.</i>	<i>English.</i>
Denah . . . Dyna . . . . .	This or that, or there it is.	
Bareh . . . Bara . . . . .	Meat or victuals.	
Gad . . . . Cād . . . . .	An army.	
Geven . . . Cefen . . . . .	A ridge or back.	
Maguur . . Magwyr . . . .	A habitation or walled dwelling.	
Cis . . . . . Cist* . . . . .	A chest.	
Me-ab . . . Mâb . . . . .	Son, or from a father.	
Mah ? . . . Mae ? . . . . .	What ? where ? how ?	
Mar . . . . . Maer . . . . .	A Lord, a Mayor.	
Nafe . . . . . Nâf . . . . .	The Creator.	
Hanes . . . Hanes . . . . .	To signify or account.	
Jissal . . . Isel or Iselu . . . .	To throw down.	
Nadu . . . . . Nadu . . . . .	They moan and lament.	
Sethar . . . Sathru . . . . .	To throw under feet.	
Heber . . . . . Aber . . . . .	A ford or passage.	
Gadah . . . Gadaw . . . . .	To pass by.	
Mohal . . . Moel . . . . .	Top of a hill.	
Path . . . . . Peth . . . . .	A part or portion	
Cir . . . . . Caer . . . . .	A walled town.	
Reith . . . Rhith . . . . .	Appearance.	
Sac . . . . . Sâch . . . . .	A sack.	
Bagad . . . Bagad . . . . .	A great many	
Gavel . . . Gafael† . . . . .	Tenure or lands bounded.	
Malas . . . Melus . . . . .	Sweet, or to sweeten.	

\* It appears very probable that the local word *CIST*, used in many parts of Yorkshire for chest, may have had its origin from this.

† From this and the British word *CENEDYL*, which signifies a kindred, is derived *GAVELKIND*, a tenure, which continues to this day in Kent, by which the lands of the father, are at his death divided equally amongst his sons, or the land of a brother, if he has no issue of his own, equally among all the brethren.



Instances of the agreement of whole sentences.

*Hebrew.* Byllang adonai-eth cal nêoth Jangeob.

*Welsh.* By-llwng adon-ydh holl neuodh Jago.

*English.* The Lord has swallowed up—all the tabernacles of Jacob.

1. *Heb.* Derech bethah iitsengad.

2. *Welsh.* Dyrac buth-hi ai-i-sengyd.

1. The road of her house he would tread.

2. The avenue of her dwelling he would go to tread

1. *Heb.* Me huaze malec hacâvodh Jehovah tsebâoth hua malec hacâvodh. Selah!

2. *Welsh.* Py yw-o sy maeloc y-cavad I-a-ywvo savwyod yw-o maeloc y-cavad. Sela.

1. Who is the King of Glory? The Lord of hosts he is the King of Glory. Selah.

2. Who is he that is possessor of attainment? *I that am him of hosts*, he is possessor of attainment. Behold!\*

1. *Heb.* Mageni ngal elöin.

2. *Welsh.* Meigen-i hwy! elyv.

1. My shield is from God.

2. My protection is from the intelligences.

Besides this singular conformity betwixt the Hebrew and Welsh languages, there is also a striking resemblance in sound and meaning, betwixt many words of this and the Greek language, which seems by no means unnatural, since the Welsh has been shewn to owe its origin to the Hebrew. The articles, pronouns, prepositions, affixes, &c. are in many instances the same in both. The verbs generally agree in the form of their inflexions, and often in the identity of sound. It is conjectured that Parkhurst's Lexicon, contains about seven thousand words, and with upwards of

\* This is a literal translation.

half that number there are words in the Welsh language, that have the same signification, agreeing in sound and form of composition.

<i>Greek.</i>	<i>Welsh,</i>	<i>English.</i>
Mê-----	Mo-----	Left; that not; not
Ina-----	Yna-----	That; to the end that
Deurô---	Dyre-----	Hither
Dê-----	De-----	Truly, in truth
Exô-----	Echw, uchw---	Out; without
Emi-----	Imi-----	To me
Nôi, nô--	Ni, nyni-----	We, us two
Nôin, nôn	Nyein, nyn-----	Of us two
Kata-----	Cyd, Gyda-----	Against; along; by reason of, &c.
Arô-----	Aru-----	To plough
Dakru---	Dagyr deigyr---	A tear
Dakruô---	Dagru, deigro and deigraw	} To shed tears
Daskô---	Dyscu, from Dysc learning	
Didaskô---	Dyscu-----	} To teach
Didaskô---	Dyscu-----	
Didaskô---	Dyscu-----	To teach, to instruct
Duô-----	Deuo-----	To come
Eleeô---	Aelu, aelëu, eulïu-	To pity
Laos-----	Llios, Lliaws---	A people, a number of men, a multitude
Marainô--	Merwino-----	To cause to decay
Nux-----	Nôs-----	Night
Oiô-----	Oio-----	To think to bear in mind
'Raka,---	'Raca-----	A rake.

The Welsh have at present no alphabet, except the same that we use, but there appears every proof that the one which has, in general been attributed to the Saxons, and from them called the Saxon Alphabet, was in reality the property of the Britons, and

was possessed by them many centuries before the Saxons came into this island. It is extremely probable, that when the Britons were driven out of Mercia, many nevertheless remained in the country, from whom those invaders first had their letters. Asserus and Scotus, who instructed Alfred, and the English, were both Welshmen, and it is very possible that at that time they claimed the Saxon Alphabet, as their own.\*

Dr. Johnson, who fully examined every record extant on the subject, candidly confesses, in his history of the English language, that when the Saxons first entered Britain, about the year 450, they seemed "to have been a people without learning, and "very probably without an alphabet."

If they brought these letters with them from Saxony, or wherever they came from, there must have been some remains of them in inscriptions, and books left behind them in that country, unless they all came over to a man, and brought with them all their books, and tombstones too, for in all Germany there is no such character to be heard of.

That they invented them after they came over into Britain, is utterly improbable, since there was the Roman character through all Britain, ready to their hands, and in common use, not to say any thing of the other, the British character. The Irish historians say, that they borrowed them from that country: it is probable that the Irish possessed them in common with the Britons, as the chief part of their language was the same, and as they have to this day retained both the character and language. But what need was there for the Saxons to go over to Ireland, to borrow what they had in their own Island and neighbourhood?

\* Asserus menevensis de reb. gest. Ælfredi.

That the Britons used this alphabet, in antient times, beyond all history, seems extremely probable, even from an expression of Cæsar, in his description of the Druids, "*Græcis literis utuntur*,"\* for several of the Saxon characters, are the same as those in the old Greek alphabet.

Many of the antient British manuscripts are written in this character, as part of Liber Landavensis, and several in North Wales.

Mr. Edward Llwyd in one of his prefaces to *Archæologia*, has inserted three stanzas, of the antient Pictish poetry, which he found in the Highlands of Scotland, in this old character, or one very like it. They were written on vellum, and he supposed them above a thousand years old.

Over the South door of the church at Llangadwaladr, in Anglesea, is yet remaining a stone, in which these letters seem to have been used :

CATAMANUS REX SAPIENTISSMUS†  
OPINATISSIMUS OMNIUM-REGUM.

This Catamanus, or Cadvan, was the grandfather of King Cadwaladr, and died in the beginning of the seventh century: he is said to have been buried in the isle of Bardsey, where many of the British Princes and Nobles were interred. But by this inscription it should seem that he was buried in this place, where his grandson afterwards built the church, and endowed it as one of the sanctuaries of the island.

The British historians and poets, redound with the praises of one Pabo Post Prydain, that is, Pabo the support of Britain, who lived about the time that the Saxons came into Britain, and displayed much valour, in the contentions against the Picts and Scots.

\* Cæs. Lib. VI. S. 14.

† The letter l is omitted.

He was buried in the church-yard of Llanbabo, in Anglesea, which he had himself founded. About the time of Charles II. his grave-stone was discovered by the Sexton, as he was digging a grave, at the depth of six or seven feet in the earth, and it was then removed into the choir, where it has remained ever since. It has on it the figure of a man, in long robes, with a coronet on his head, and a sceptre in his hand, and on its edge is a latin inscription in basso-relievo, in these characters, mixed with the Roman. And there are several other inscriptions in North Wales, in this antient character.

Another evidence that the Britons, were possessed of an Alphabet before the arrival of the Saxons, is in the inscriptions on British Coins, struck some centuries previous to that time. Dr. Stukeley, has favoured the world with twenty three plates of impressions, from the antient coins of the Welsh Kings, and amongst them of a coin of *Bleiddyd* Blatos, -or Bladud, King of Britain, about nine hundred years before Christ. This is now lodged in the Cottonian library; and was one that Camden, owned he could make nothing of. There are others of Manogan, who reigned about 130 Years before the Christian æra; of Cynvelyn or Cunobelin, King of the Cassivelauni, during whose reign Christ was born of Meurig, or Marius Rex, and his son Coel Rex who flourished about the year 127.

In the reign of Henry VIII. there was found at Ambresbury, in Wiltshire, a table of metal, which appeared to be tin and lead mixed, inscribed with many letters, but in so strange a character that neither Sir Thomas Eliot, nor Mr. Lily, the School-master of St. Paul's, could read it, and it was therefore neglected. Had it been preserved it might probably have led to some discovery.

Before the arrival of the Romans, the Welsh, or British language, appears to have been the only one used throughout the whole of these Islands; but after the expulsion of the British, by the Saxons, it fled with them into the mountains. It seems to have continued in use in the Highlands of Scotland, Wales, Ireland, and Cornwall, for several centuries subsequent to this period, where defended by mountain barriers, its brave possessors could not be assailed without danger. In Cornwall it is now lost, but it continues yet to be spoken in North Wales, in its original purity. There have been many attempts to introduce the English language into general use, amongst the lower class of people in Wales, but without any great success. English charity schools have been for many years instituted, in almost every part of the principality, but these seem by no means to endanger the native language. The little that the children learn from instructors, who themselves know but little, is soon lost from the natural preference which they have to the indigenous property of their country, and their distaste for an exotic. To say that I found them in general entirely ignorant of the English language, would be false, for in those parts of Flintshire, Denbighshire, and Montgomeryshire, that are near the English counties, I found that they spoke it very fluently. It is in Anglesea, and the mountains of Caernarvonshire, and Merionethshire, that they are the most ignorant of it; and even here in the great roads, I almost always had English answers to my questions, and even in more obscure situations by a little perseverance, or by the exhibition of money, I have obtained the answers I wanted. There is a natural reservedness about many of the Welsh, which sometimes makes even those who can

speak the language pretty well, very shy in doing it and this shyness is frequently interpreted by strangers into ignorance.

Mr. Walter Davies,\* sensibly, but warmly remarks, that some advocates for the abolition of the Welsh tongue, are vain enough to prognosticate a near approaching day, when it will be numbered among the dead. They see some few families upon the borders, and about a dozen Innkeepers upon the post roads, who speak English only; but there are thousands and tens of thousands, in the wilds of Wales “who have learned the language of their parents, and of their country, as naturally and as “innocently as they sucked their mother’s breasts, or “breathed the common air: they have neither opportunity nor inclination, to learn any other “tongue.” This is the impregnable fortress of the Welsh language, where a rivetted cordial antipathy against the English tongue, caused by the cruelties of Edward the first, and of the Lancastrian family dwells as commander in chief. “Storm this garrison, and overturn Snowden from it’s base.”

\* See a statistical account of the parish of Llanymynech, in Montgomeryshire, by the Rev. Walter Davies, A. B. in the Cambrian Register, Vol. I. p. 280.

## ITINERARY.

**A**T Chester the traveller may find it worth his while to visit the Cathedral, the Castle, the Walls, and St. John's Church.

*From Chester to Caernarvon, (by Flint.)*  $74\frac{1}{2}$  Miles.

From Chester to Hawarden. ———  $7\frac{3}{4}^*$

Chester.— $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles, Bretton, (in Flintshire.)— $7\frac{1}{2}$ , pass Hawarden Castle on the left.— $7\frac{1}{4}$  Hawarden.

FLINT, ———  $7\frac{1}{4}$  15

Hawarden.— $1\frac{1}{2}$ , New Inn Bridge, (A little beyond are the ruins of Euloe Castle, in a copse about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile on the right.)— $2\frac{3}{4}$ , Pentre Bridge.— $4\frac{1}{4}$ , Northorp.— $7\frac{1}{4}$ , Flint.

At Flint is a Castle, the County Gaol, and a large smelting house.—Inn, the Royal Oak.

HOLYWELL, ———  $5\frac{1}{2}$   $20\frac{1}{2}$

Flint.— $1\frac{1}{2}$ , Nant y Moch.—2 Bagillt.— $3\frac{3}{4}$ , Wallwine Turnpike.— $5\frac{1}{2}$ , Holywell.

At Holywell, see Winefred's Well and Mills, for different processes in the preparation of Lead, Calamine, Copper, Brass, and Cotton, Head-Inn, the *White Horse*,† a good house.

About  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles from the town, are the ruins of Basingweck Abbey.

ST. ASAPH, ——— 10  $30\frac{1}{2}$

\* In the first column is the distance from one town to another ; and in the second, the distance from the town from whence the journey commences.

† At the Inns printed in italics, Post Chaises, or Horses, may be had.



Holywell.—1, pass the lead mines.—2½, see on an eminence at a distance on the right a high round Tower, somewhat like an old wind-mill, supposed to have been a Roman Pharos. About 7, or 7½, descend into the Vale of Clwyd.—Extensive prospect; Denbigh at a distance on the left, St. Asaph in front, and Rhyddlan Castle on the right.—10, St. Asaph.

At St. Asaph are the Cathedral—Bishop's palace and Deanry.—From the top of the Cathedral is an extensive view along the Vale.—Inn, the *White Lion*.

From St. Asaph, the tourist may visit Denbigh 5½, or Rhyddlan 3.

CONWY. (CAERNARVONSHIRE.) — 18½

49

St. Asaph.—4, on the right is Kinmael, the seat of the Rev. Edward Hughes.—4¾, Llan St. Siors, or St. George's.—6¾, Abergeley.—9¼, Llandulas.—18, *Ferry House*.—18½, Conwy.

At Conwy are the Castle—Plâs Mawr.—and poor remains of the Abbey.—The best Inn is the *Harp*.

5½ miles South of Conwy, is Cear Hûn, the *Conovium* of the Romans.

The tourist may cross the ferry again, and visit 1½ miles Bodscallon, and beyond it Gloddaeth, two elegant seats of Sir Thomas Mostyn, Bart. and not far distant from these an old Tower, and the few remains of Dig-anwy Castle.

BANGOR FERRY —

16½

65½

Conwy.—5, the mountain Penmaen Mawr.—7, Lanfair Vechan.—9, Aber, (a mile and a half from Aber is a celebrated waterfall.)—13, Llandegai.—13½, on the right is Penrhyn, the seat of Lord Penrhyn.—15, Bangor, (see here the Cathedral.)—Three good Inns, *Penrhyn Arms*, *Eagles*, and *Crown and Anchor*.—16½, Bangor Ferry.

F 2

The Inn at *Bangor Ferry*, is a very good one.

**CAERNARVON.**—————

At Caernarvon are the Castle, and Plâs Mawr.—From the rock behind the Hotel, and from the Eagle Tower, are extensive views,—Inns, the *Hotel*, and the *Sportsman*, the best in North Wales.

The distance from Caernarvon to the summit of Snowdon, is rather more than 12 miles.— $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile south, is Llanbeblig, and near it the remains of the Roman Segontium.

**CAERNARVON TO LLANBERIS,**—————

Caernarvon.— $2\frac{1}{2}$ , Pont Rûg.—4, on right Llanrûg.—6, end of lower Lake.—8, Dolbadarn Castle.—the romantic vale of Llanberis.—(near Dolbadarn is a cataract, *Caunant Mawr*.)—10, Llanberis.

On the edge of the upper lake is a small copper mine.

On the left of the village is the lofty mountain Glyder Vawr, and at the end of the vale a most romantic pass.

From Dolbadarn Castle, is an easy ascent to the summit of Snowdon, only  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles distant,

From Caernarvon, (*in an Excursion round Anglesey.*)

**From CAERNARVON TO GWYNDY,**—————

Caernarvon.—5 cross the straits of Menai, at Moel-y-don Ferry.— $5\frac{1}{4}$ , about a mile to the right is Plâs Newydd, the seat of the Earl of Uxbridge.—8, Llanddaniel.—11, Llanfihangel.— $14\frac{1}{2}$ , Llangefni.—20, Gwyndy.

*Gwyndy* is a good inn.

**HOLYHEAD,**—————

Gwyndy.— $3\frac{3}{4}$ , Bodedern.—5, Llany-genedl.— $8\frac{1}{4}$ , enter Holyhead Island.—12, Holyhead.

9 74 $\frac{1}{2}$

10

20

12 $\frac{1}{2}$  32 $\frac{1}{2}$

AMLWCH, about —————	20	52½
Ty Mawr, the inn at Amlwch is a large house.—A mile from Amlwch are the Pary's Copper-mines.—2 miles east, is Llan Elian.		
BEAUMARIS, about —————	20	72½
At Beaumaris is a Castle.—Inn, the <i>Bull's Head</i> , a comfortable house.		
$\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile from Beaumaris is Baron Hill, the seat of Lord Bulkeley.		
1 mile, is Friars, the seat of Sir Robert Williams, Bart. and near it a barn, built from the ruins of Llanvaes Abbey.—3½, Penmon Priory; and just off the point, Priestholme Island, celebrated as being the resort of the species of bird called Puffin.		
CAERNARVON, —————	20	92½
Cross the ferry to Aber, 3½, and go by Bangor.		

*From Caernarvon, (in an excursion to Llanrwst.)*

From CAERNARVON to CAPEL CURIG, about —————		22
Caernarvon.—5½. Llanddeiniolen.—Near this place is an ancient fort called Dinas Dinorddwig.—13, Lord Penrhyn's slate quarries.—Romantic vale of Nant Frangon.—17½, Llyn Ogwen.—22, Capel Curig.		
<i>Capel Curig</i> stands in a fine mountainous vale, in which are two lakes. A good Inn, erected here by Lord Penrhyn 1798,		
LLANRWST, (by Dolwyddelan Castle.) ———	17	39
Capel Curig.—5, Dolwyddelan Village.—6, Castle.—12, a cataract on the Llugwy, ( <i>Rhaiadr y Wenol</i> .)—13, Pont-y-pair, —13½, Bettws.—17, Llanrwst.		
At Llanrwst, see the Church and Bridge.—Inn, the <i>Eagles</i> .		
$\frac{1}{4}$ mile from the town is Gwydir, the ancient seat of the Wynne Family.		
3 miles north are the poor remains of Maenan Abbey.		
F 3		

<b>TAN-Y-BWLCH Inn,</b> —————	20	59
<p>Llanrwst.—3<math>\frac{3}{4}</math>, Bettws.—5, small cataract on the Conwy.—6, the fall of the Conwy, <i>Rhaiadr y Graig Lwyd</i>—8, Pen-Machno.—18 Ffestiniog; and near it, the falls of the Cyn-fael.—19, the Vale of Ffestiniog.*—20, <i>Tan-y-Bwlch</i>.</p>		

<b>CAERNARVON,</b> —————	20	79
<p>Tan-y-Bwlch.—6<math>\frac{1}{2}</math>, Pont-Aber-glâs-lyn.—8, Beddgelart.—12, Llyn Cwellyn.—13<math>\frac{3}{4}</math>, Nant Mill.—15, Bettws.—20, Caernarvon.  <i>From Caernarvon (round the remainder of North Wales) to Shrewsbury.</i></p>		

<b>FROM CAERNARVON TO BEDD-GELART,</b>	12
<p>Caernarvon.—<math>\frac{1}{2}</math>. Segontium and Llan-Bebbig.—4, Pont curnant.—5, Bettws.—6<math>\frac{1}{4}</math> on the left, Plâs y Nant, a house belonging to Sir Robert Williams, Bart. and on the right a small cascade at Nant Mill.—7, Llyn Cwellyn.—See Snowdon on the left. JOHN MORTON the Guide.—(The tourist who wishes to visit Llyn y Dywarchen; in which is the Floating Island, must turn to the right, soon after he has passed Llyn Cwellyn.—12, Bedd-Gelart.</p>	

At Bedd-Gelart there is a new Inn called the *Goat*, with good accommodations, Chaise, &c. &c.

From Bedd-Gelart, the distance is 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  mile to Pont Aber-glas-lyn, (the Devil's Bridge.) —7, to Penmorfa;—and 10 to Criccieth, where are the remains of an old castle.

The traveller should by all means visit the vale near Bedd-Gelart, called Gwynant. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, on the left is Dinas Emrys, the place from whence Merlin's prophecies were

\* I have here called this Vale of Ffestiniog, on account of its being generally known by that name.—It's proper name is Cwm Maen-twrog, or the Vale of Maen-twrog.

delivered.—2, Llyn-y-dinas.—4½, Llyn Gwynant; not far from which is a lofty cataract, called *Rhaidr y Cwm Dyli*.

Snowdon may be ascended from Bedd-Gelart; the distance to the summit is about 6 miles; but the track is much more rugged than that from Dolbadarn Castle, near Llanberis.

TAN-Y-BWLCH, (MERIONETHSHIRE).—

Bedd-Gelart. —1½, Pont-Aber-glas-lyn; —Along the mountain road, which is excessively bad for carriages, are several extended prospects.—8 m. Tan-y-Bwlch.—A good Inn, where Post-Chaise and every other accommodation may be had.

Not far from the Inn is Tan-y-Bwlch Hall, the seat of W. Oakley Esq.

Ffestiniog is about 3 miles distant: near it are the Falls of the Cyn-fael.—The road lays along the vale.

HARLECH, —————

Tan-y-Bwlch.—1, Maentwrog.—1½, having passed a small bridge, at some distance on the left is a cataract, (*Rhaidr du*.) —4, Llyn Tecwyn ucha,—5, Llan-Tecwyn.—5½, Llyn Tecwyn isa.—7, Pont y Crudd. 10, Harlech.

At Harlech are the remains of a castle.—A neat and clean Inn, kept by Watkin Anwyl —

From Harlech, the tourist may probably, with the guide, make an excursion in the neighbourhood among the ruins of old fortifications, and various Cist-Feini, or Stone-Chests, Cromlechau, or Druidical Altars, &c. and so proceed about 4 Miles, to the romantic hollow Cwm Bychan; and from thence, round the still more romantic Bwlch Tythead, and Drws Ardudwy, in the whole about 18 miles.

8 20

10 30

## BARMOUTH,

10 40

HARLECH.— $1\frac{1}{2}$ , Llanfair.— $2\frac{3}{4}$ , Llanbedr.—In a field on the right, near Llanbedr, are two tall upright stones, probably what the British in former times, called *Meini Gwyr, the Stones of the Heroes.*)— $5\frac{3}{4}$ , Llanddwy. (From hence is a road on the left to Cors-y-gedol; distant  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile, an ancient seat of the Vaughans, but now belonging to Sir Thomas Mostyn, Bart.— $8\frac{1}{4}$ , Llan Aber.—10, Barmouth.

The *Cors-y-gedol Arms* is an excellent Inn.

## DOLGELLY

10 50

BARMOUTH.— $2\frac{1}{2}$ , Glan-y-dwr.—8, Llanilltid.—10, Dolgelly.

There are two good Inns at Dolgelly, the *Golden Lion*, and the *Angel*.

From Dolgelly it is 1 Mile to Hengwrt, a seat belonging to the Vaughans,— $1\frac{3}{4}$ , to Y. Vaner, or Cemmer Abbey.—6, to the cataraet of Dolyrnlynlyn.—9, to two others, Pistyll y Cain, and Rhaiadr y Maw-ddach.—The tourist, after having visited these, may return along another road, by the village of Llanfachreth, and Nauncû, another seat of the Vaughan family.—It will be necessary to take a guide.

From Dolgelly, guides may be had to ascend the mountain Cader Idris, (which for its height, abrupt and tremendous precipices, lakes, and extensive prospects, may vie with, if not surpass the Snowdon,) whose summit is about  $5\frac{1}{2}$  miles distant.

## MACHYNLETH,

15 65

DOLGELLY.—5, Llyn Trigraienyn.—7, a small public house, (the *Blue Lion*) from whence a guide may be had to the summit of Cader Idris.—4 miles distant, see at a distance Llyn Mwyngil.—14, cross the Dovey.—15, Machynlleth.

At Machynlleth is an old building, in which Owen Glyndwr is said to have assembled his parliament — *The Eagles* is the best inn.

LLANYDLOES, (MONTGOMERYSHIRE,)

19 84

MACHYNLLETH,—About half-way, and near  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile on the right, is a cataract, called *Ffrwd y Pennant*.—Pinlimmon visible at a distance on the right.—Cross the Severn;—and 19, enter Llanydloes.

The *New Inn* at Llanydloes a comfortable house.

NEWTOWN, —————

12 97

LLANYDLOES— $6\frac{3}{4}$ , Llan-dinam.—8, cross river to Caer-Sws, an old Roman station about a mile distant;—and return 10, Pen y Strywad.—13, Newtown.

The *Bear* is the chief inn, at New Town.

Dolforwyn Castle is 4 miles distant, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile on the road to Builth is a cataract.

MONTGOMERY, —————

9 106

At Montgomery, see the castle and church.—The *Dragon* is a good inn.

WELSH POOL, —————

9 115

MONTGOMERY.— $7\frac{1}{2}$  on the left is Powys Castle.—9, Welsh Pool.

The *Oak* is the head inn.

OSWESTRY, (SHROPSHIRE,) —————

15 130

Welsh Pool.—6, pass the Breiddin Hills on the right.—9, cross by a ferry, the river Virnwy.— $9\frac{1}{2}$ , Llan-y-mynech.—The Cross Keys, a small inn in this place, is kept by Mr. Robert Baugh, a very ingenious man, the engraver of both the copies of EVANS's map of North Wales.— $13\frac{1}{2}$ , on the right, a house of industry.—15, Oswestry.

At Oswestry, see the church, St. Oswald's well, and the mount where the castle stood, The head inn is the *Cross Keys*.

## WREXHAM, (DENBISHIRE.)

15½ 145½

OSWESTRY — 5½, Chirk. — (See the church; the aqueduct over the vale of Keiriog; and 2 miles distant, Chirk Castle, the seat of Richard Middleton, Esq.) — View from thence into *seventeen* different counties. — 8, New Bridge. — 10, Ruabon, (From this place the tourist may visit Wynnstay, the seat of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, Bart. and near it, Nant y Bele, where there is a most elegant prospect on the Dee; 5½ miles, is Overton; and 9, Bangor.) 13½, on the right is Erddig, the seat of Phillip York, Esq., — 15½, Wrexham.

See the Church at Wrexham; and in it a most beautiful monument of Mrs. Mary Middleton.

There are two good inns, the first the *Eagles*, and the other the *Red Lion*.

5½ miles from Wrexham is Holt, where are the poor remains of a castle.

## MOLD, (FLINTSHIRE.)

12½ 158

WREXHAM, — 4¼, Ceddigidow Bridge, 5½ Caergwile, near which are a few remains of its castle, — 6, Hope. — 12, Mold.

See the church and the Bayley Hill, on which the Castle stood. — Leeswood, the seat of Richard Garnons, Esq.; — curious Iron Gates, &c. — Inn, the *Dragon*.

1½ from Mold, is Rhual, the seat of the Griffith family, near which is Maes Garmon, where A. D. 448, the famous ALLELUIA victory was obtained by the Britons, over the Picts and Scots.

## HOLY-WELL,

9 167

MOLD. — 3½, Northop. — 6, Halkin, — 9, Holywell.

## ST. ASAPH,

10 177

## DENBIGH, (DENBIGHSHIRE.)

6 183



ST. ASAPH.—Along the vale of Clwyd.—  
6, Denbigh.

See the Castle.—There are two inns at Denbigh, the Crown, and the *Black Bull*.

RUTHIN, —————

8

191

Denbigh.—Still along the Vale of Clwyd.

4, Llanrhaidr (See the church and well at this place.)—8, Ruthin.

At Ruthin are the remains of a castle. There is a *Large Inn* here; but the Cross Foxes will be found the most comfortable for any persons, except those who come in carriages.

LLANGOLLEN, —————

13½

204½

RUTHIN.—10½, enter the Vale of Crucis—11½, pass the pillar of Eliseg, in a meadow on the left—11¾, on left Valley Crucis Abbey—See Castell Dinas Brân, on an eminence beyond.

The head inn at Llangollen is the *Hand*.—13½, Llangollen.

Visit Valle Crucis Abbey,— the pillar of Eliseg.—And Castell Dinas Brân; the latter is about a mile from Llangollen.

Go round the Vale of Llangollen, (about 10 miles).—Near the Pont Cysyllte, 4 miles, see an immense aqueduct, for the Elsmere canal, over the Vale.

CORWEN, (MERIONETHSHIRE.) —————

10

214½

LLANGOLLEN.—3, on opposite bank of the Dee, see Llandysilio Hall.—7, the place where Owen Glyndwr's palace stood.—10, Corwen.

On the hill opposite to the town of Corwen, is a great circle of stones called Y Gaeir Wen.

The *New Inn*, is the only one in the place, 5½ miles from Corwen, on the Road to Llanrwst, is Pont y Glyn, where there is a fine cascade.

**BALA,**

13½ 228

**CORWEN.**—Enter the Vale of Edeirnion, 2½, Cynwyd, not far from whence is a cataract, called *Rhaiadr Cynwyd*.—5½, Llandrillo.—5½, cross the Dee, and pass Llandersfel.—12 Llanvawr.—13½, Bala,

Near Bala are the Lake,—Tonien y Bala, and another mount near the town, on which have been British forts.

The *Bull* is a very comfortable Inn.

Go round the lake, 12 miles, (not in carriages, the road will not admit it.)—Cross Pont Mwnwgl-y-llyn, and proceed along the east side.—4 miles, Llangower.—6½, cross the Turch, and see the stones carried by the stream in a thunderstorm, in June, 1781.—7½, Llanuwchllyn.—A mile beyond is an ancient British fort, called Castell Corndochon.)—8, on the right Caer-gai—11, Llan y Cil.—12, Bala.

**LLANRHAIDR, MONTGOMERYSHIRE**

15 243

**BALA**,—1½, Pont Cynwyd,—2, Rhiwedog.—7, Filltir Gernig.—10½, Llangynnog.—15, Llanrhaiadr.

There is a small inn, (the Coach and Horses,) at Llanrhaiadr.

4½ miles distant is the celebrated cataract Pistyll Rhaiadr.

**SHREWSBURY,**

26 269

Llanrhaiadr.—3½, Llangedwin village, and on the left Llangedwin Hall, a seat of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart.—8, Llan y Blodwel.—10, Llanymynech.—14, Knockin.—18, Nesscliffe.—22, Montford Bridge.—26, Shrewsbury.

At Shrewsbury, the tourist may find amusement in visiting the churches.—the quarry.—the free-school.—and the castle.

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T. Roberts, Printer, Caernarvon.





